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No. 5.

A

GARLAND

OF

NEW SONGS.

All the World at Paris,
Crazy Jane,
The Wounded Hussar,
Parting Moments,
On the death of Robert Burns.

ALNWICK:
Printed by W. Davison.

All the World at PARIS

Sung by MR. GRIMALDI.

NOW'S the time to change our clime,
Commerce shuts his day book,
Trade forgets his book of debts,
Pleasure opes his play book;
Age throws off his winter cough,
Gout forgets his flannel;
Small and great at Dover wait,
To cross the British channel.

CHORUS.

London now is out of town,
Who in England tarries,
Who can bear to linger there,
When all the world's in Paris?
Jockies, jews, and parles vous,
Courtezans and quakers,
Players, peers, and auctioneers,
Parsons, undertakers.
Modish airs, from wapping stairs,
Wit from Norton Falgate,

Bagatelle from Clerkenwell,
And elegance from Aldgate,
London now, &c.

City dames, the rage inflames,
(They know how to time it)
Mrs Sims is full of whims,
And hates our foggy climate,
Mrs Grill is very ill,
Nothing can improve her,
Unless she sees the Thuilleries,
And waddles though the Louvre.
London now, &c.

Lawk! who is that with monstrous hat!
Her parasol who handles?
Tis Mrs. Flame, the Borough dame,
Who deals in tallow candles,
Nay, goody, pray don't turn away,
These mounseers do not trust 'em;
Whene'er we meet in Tooley street,
I promise you my custom.
London now, &c.

Prudence chides, but folly guides,
We know not which to mind most,
And fairly bid as Boney did,

The devil take the hindmost.
Thus we dance, through giddy France.
And when we find the fun done,
The piper pay, and march away,
With empty purse to London.
London now, &c.

CRAZY JANE.

WHY fair maid in every feature,
Are such signs of fear express'd,
Can a wandering wretched creature
With such terror fill your breast?
Do my frenzy'd looks alarm thee?
Trust me, sweet, thy fears are vain,
Not for kingdoms would I harm thee,
Shun not then Poor Crazy Jane.

Dost thou weep to see my anguish?
Mark me and avoid my woe;
When men flatter, sigh and languish,
Think them false, I found them so:
For I lov'd, ah! so sincerely,
None could ever love again,
But the youth I lov'd so dearly,
Stole the wits of Crazy Jane.

Fondly my young heart receiv'd him,
Which was doom'd to love but one
He sigh'd, he vow'd and I believ'd him,
He was false and I undone;
From that hour has reason never
Held her empire o'er my brain;

Henry's fled, with him for ever,
Fled the wits of Crazy Jane.

Now forlorn and broken-hearted,
And with frenzied thoughts beset,
On that spot where last we parted,
On that spot where first we met;
Still I sing my love-lorn ditty,
Still I slowly pace the plain,
While each passer-by in pity,
Cries God help thee Crazy Jane.

THE WOUNDED HUSSAR.

ALONE to the banks of the dark rolling Danube
Fair Adelaide hied when the battle was o'er
O whither, she cried, hast thou wander'd my true love,
Or here dost thou welter or bleed on the shore
What voice have I heard? 'twas my Henry that sigh'd
All mornful she hasten'd, nor wander'd she far,
When bleeding, and low on the heath, she descried,
By the light of the moon her poor wounded Hussar.

From his bosom, that heav'd, the last torrent was streaming,
And pale was his visage deep mark'd with a scar,
And dim was that eye once expressively beaming
That melted in love, and that kindled in war.
How smit was poor Adelaide's heart at the sight,
How bitter she wept o'er the victim of war:
"Hast thou come, my fond love, this last sorrowful night,
To cheer the lone heart of your wounded Hussar.

"Thou shalt live," she replied "heaven's mercy relieving
Each anguishing wound, shall forbid me to mourn."
"Ah! no, the last pang in my bosom is heaving,
No light of the morn shall to Henry return:
Thou charmer of life, ever tender and true,
Ye babes of my love that await me afar,"
His faultering tongue scarce could murmur adieu!
When he sunk in her arms, the poor wounded Hussar

PARTING MOMENTS

WHILE I hang on your bosom, distracted to lose you,
High swells my sad heart, and fast my tears flow;
Yet think not of coldness they fall to accuse you,
Did I ever upbraid you? Oh! no, my love, no!

I own it wou'd please me, at home cou'd you tarry,
Nor e'er feel a wish from Maria to go;
But if it gives pleasure to you, my dear Harry,
Should I blame your departure? Oh! no, my love, no!

Oh, do not dear Hal, while abroad you are straying,
That heart, which is mine, on a rival bestow;
Nay, banish that frown, such displeasure betraying;
Do you think I suspect you? Oh! no, my love, no!

I think you too kind for a moment to grieve me,
Or plant in a heart that adores you such woe;
Yet shou'd you dishonour my truth and deceive me,
Should I e'er cease to love you? Oh! no, my love,

A SONG

ON THE

DEATH OF ROBERT BURNS.

NAE joy to them returning,
Auld Ayr and Kyle are mourning,
And wi' hearts fu' o' sorrow the tidings convey,
While Caledonia weeping
To view her Bard lie sleeping,
The cauld sleep o' death, cauld cauld in the clay.

Nae mair at the gloaming,
By *Doon* he'll gae roaming;
On the braes deck'd wi' cowslips nae mair bend his way,
Where in youth he did wander,
And sweetly did ponder,
In his native strains he breath'd out his lay.

But soon did life's gloaming
Make him cease frae roaming,
And his last setting sun did evanish its ray,
And how short was its stay,
O thou sad mornful day,
Cauld death made his heart cease it's motion for ay !!.

View each tender blossom,
Still dear to his bosom,
Along wi' his Jean, baith lanely and wae,
In tears sadly sobbin
For her dear Lord, Robin,
Nae mair to enjoy him, now cauld in the clay.

Bewail him, ye willows,
Likewise ye green valleys,
And ye lanely glens, where he used to stray;
Our Bard nae mair will sing
The sweets o' smiling spring,
Poor Robin, alas! lies cauld in the clay.

But his fam'd flowing pages
Shall shine thro' all ages,
And his name be rever'd in auld Scotland for ay;
Then wi' joy hail the morning,
Our Bard he was born in,
In mem'ry o' him now cauld in the clay.

FINIS.